

Todd (G.)

The Good Old Man's Memorial:

A SERMON

DELIVERED MARCH 26, 1868, AT THE FUNERAL OF THE

HON. HENRY HALSEY CHILDS, M.D.,

AT PITTSFIELD, MASS.,

BY

REV. JOHN TODD, D.D.

Box 12

CAMBRIDGE:

PRESS OF JOHN WILSON AND SON.

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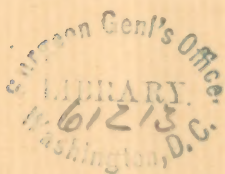
HON. HENRY HALSEY CHILDS, M.D.,

AT PITTSFIELD, MASS.,

*Presented by
N. E. Husted*

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SERMON.

Then Abraham gave up the ghost, and died in a good old age, an old man, and full of years. — GEN. xxv. 8.

FORTUNES are sometimes acquired in a day. Wealth seems to drop here and there, sometimes without any connection with worth. A young man may die rich; but character, influence, — that which lives, — must be the growth of years. The men in Bible times whose names come down to us as the representatives of great worth, lights that time can never put out, were old men. They were such men as Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Job, Moses, Joshua, Eli, Samuel, David, Isaiah, Daniel, Simeon, John the aged disciple, and Paul the aged. Men cannot become such as these without long years of experience and many trials, hard wrestlings with temptation, and great victories over themselves. We know nothing how these men looked. There they are, looming up through the past, growing greater, brighter, more beautiful, as the years of earth are numbered and roll away. Other things perish, — cities, governments, nations; but the influence of such men lives and walks among every generation, bright as the constellations which adorn the concave of the heavens.

Abraham was eighty years old before his character began to be drawn out: so was Moses; but doubtless the foundations of this character were laid in the solitudes of their own hearts before. And so great is the character of Abraham to this day, that a few years ago it was a matter of national diplomacy, that the Prince of Wales, the heir to the throne of England, should have the privilege of visiting his tomb in Palestine.

When Joseph and all the descendants of Jacob follow the body of the old worn-out Patriarch, as they carry him up out of Egypt to lay his dust with that of his ancestors, a nation becoming mourners, it is a tribute to worth of character; it is homage to that which can only be the growth of long years.

The tears unconsciously start as you see the new, trim, beautiful ship glide into the water at her launching. Her proportions are so beautiful, her form so graceful, her finish so exquisite, and her promise of walking fearlessly over the ocean on her great errands of trust, we at once associate a great future with her. Let a score of years pass away, and then stand on the wharf, and see that same ship as she enters the harbor, her worn-out hull covered with barnacles, her masts crippled and shattered, her rigging broken, her sails rent and in tatters, her whole form battered and bruised. How slowly, as if weary and feeble, she comes to the spot where she is to drop the anchor for the last time! How sea-worn she looks as she finishes her last voyage! How many storms has she weathered! how many wrecks has she sailed over! how many rocks and reefs has she barely escaped!

how many ports has she visited! how unlike herself when launched, and yet how rich the cargoes she has dropped in her journeyings! how surpassingly rich the contents of the old ship to-day, as she comes home to die! The thoughtless man will see only an old, worn-out hulk; but, to the man of reflection, the sight brings a thousand thoughts and associations that are impressive.

There are so many temptations in life, so many dangers, that you know not who may fall, nor how fully you may give your confidence, till the man has passed through all these, safe and entire; but when you gather to bury the old man who has passed over all the pitfalls, the temptations, and dangers of life, you feel sure of character. Till the wheat-field is fully ripe, you know not how the blast, the rust, or the weevil, may destroy it. It is not till the field is white, and the heads bend low, that you feel sure of the harvest.

People sometimes, especially when young, are very anxious about their reputation, and are afraid that men will estimate them less highly than they ought. The truth is, we need have no anxiety about our reputation. That will take care of itself. If you don't deserve respect, men can't give it: if you do, they can't withhold it. It does not depend on others whether or not you are respected; if you deserve it, they *can't* withhold it. No man gains any thing by fighting or quarrelling or worrying about his standing among men. Let him faithfully meet his duties, and he *will* command the respect of his generation.

But it is not enough that you be negatively good,

that you are an inoffensive, quiet man, floating along with the current; but to gain respect you must *do* something; you must *be* a positive force in the world; you must do something for the good of men. Men sometimes find fault with a moving power, and call the intensely active man ambitious, or forth-putting; but they will lean upon him and call upon him in their need, and they will allow that if any thing is done for the good of humanity, such men must do it. There are few powers in the world compared with earnestness. When the old ship "Constitution" bore down to grapple with her adversary in the death-struggle, she fired not a gun, nor shifted a sail, till within pistol-shot of the enemy. This terrible confidence and earnestness gave her the victory in twenty minutes. And you often see the earnest man — sometimes mistaken for self-confident — push aside difficulties and overcome obstacles that would appall men of no emotion. When, with this earnest spirit, you find a tolerable degree of prudence and caution, you have then an instrument of great power. The man who doubled his five talents and made them ten, or his two talents and made them four, might have seemed too energetic, and been accused of ambition and self-seeking; but it was the inoffensive, good-natured, slothful servant who *did* nothing, who is cast into outer darkness. It is not the man who meets, but the man who refuses, responsibility, calling indolence by the beautiful name of modesty, who has this terrible doom pronounced upon him. We may make mistakes: that is almost inseparable from humanity. But the power and faculties which God

has given us are for use, and no one is excusable for not using them to their full measure; and we are to be held accountable to this, at the last great day. All the providences of God are in favor of him who *uses* his talents, great or small. It is encouraging, too, to notice how the men whom God has highly honored in his Word were of different callings and employments. Some followed the lowly occupation of herdsmen; some, shepherds; some, generals, law-givers, judges, priests, leaders, kings, and prophets. The beloved physician shall write two very important books in the Bible. The tent-maker shall write several; the fishermen, several more. Thus no class can say, There is no place for me in ministering to the wants of humanity. The upright judge, the faithful magistrate, the true lawyer, the skilful physician, the conscientious senator, the humble minister of the gospel, are all in high positions for doing good, and making a character that will have a wide influence; and so is the merchant and the manufacturer and the mechanic and the farmer, and every other class of men. The difficulty is, we don't put forth half the efforts, nor produce half the results, we might. What a waste of life, of talent, of influence, and of usefulness is constantly going on in every community! So that when we see one who is earnest in his efforts, and who rises above difficulties, we are amazed at the results. They are the exceptions to the majority of men; whereas the slothful and the inactive ought to be the exception.

No one of the good old men commemorated in the Bible was great or good independent of God, but

just in proportion as he united himself with God. It is the glory of God that He inhabits eternity, even in the high and holy place. It is the glory of man that this high and lofty One will come down and dwell with him; filling his mind with light, his plans with wisdom, and his soul with divine love. We are connected with the eternal world, not by our innocence, but by the indwelling presence of God. And we should esteem him only to be great who is most like God when He left the magnificence of heaven to dwell among men. We esteem those to be respectable who have great talents, deep learning, high station, honorable titles; and such we chase after. With such we want to associate, and to such pay our honors. But so did not the Son of God; and were He to come to our world again to dwell, He would speak to those whom others would pass by, associate with those whom others would scorn, and communicate most freely with those who are most lowly. We are not, then, to feel that a character is symmetrical, or has fulfilled his mission, if he has tried to cut loose from God, and walk in his own light.

The cross, the cross of Christ, is the brightest thing of earth! and he who tries to serve his generation without fixing his eye on that, will accomplish little real, permanent good. Strength must be fed with what creates strength,—faith in God, faith that you are co-operating with him, only can give you the untiring stimulus and perseverance of the good man. Cut loose from God, you are an atom floating amid the mists of time, without chart or compass, harbor or rest. No life has been a success, no character has

been filled out, no influence has been the best and safest, no character has been the noblest, out of which the element of religion has been left. God will honor them, and them only, who honor Him. "Be not deceived: God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

We have come together at this time to bury an old man, an old citizen. We cannot yet realize that we shall meet him no more in our streets, in our assemblies, and in the various walks of good citizenship. But it is not age merely that gathers so many here to-day, and gives to all the look that is solemn and mournful. It is to *character*, and a great amount of character, to which you are now paying deserved homage. We have lost an honored and an uncommon man. Born in this town on the 7th of June, 1783, he was almost eighty-five years old at his death.

Henry H. Childs had a distinguished ancestry. His grandfather was a captain in the Revolutionary War, and his father was a lieutenant. They were both on their march as soon as the guns on Bunker Hill were heard. Dr. Timothy Childs, of Pittsfield, his father, was a physician here of large practice, and as such, highly esteemed, — a man of marked character. His mother I knew and admired for many years before her death. She was over ninety at her death, and a very remarkable woman, — remarkable for strength of mind, much reading, admirable in domestic life, highly and intellectually educated, and consistently and ardently pious. Her large family — the sons, pillars in society, the daughters, polished

stones in the palace of God—was an uncommon family. I believe it was when Dr. Childs was Lieutenant-Governor of old Massachusetts, that her sons met at her house, and sat down on stools at her feet as they did when little boys,—one a general in the army of the United States, one a member of Congress, who bore, moreover, the title of Judge, and the other a Governor,—and received her counsels and smiles with a delight seldom equalled. They are all among the dead to-day, save one only sister.

Dr. Childs graduated at Williams College, in 1802, at the early age of nineteen. He studied medicine with his father and commenced practising it with an ardor not often met with. At that early age he first introduced vaccination into this town. For more than fifty years he has stood here, the practice of medicine being his chief pursuit. Among the things he has accomplished are the following:—

He has acquired a wide-spread reputation as a physician,—a reputation which few attain, even by more than fifty years' labor. He has established a medical school, himself, the originator and father of it, the moving power. He was the eye, the ear, the mouth, and often the hands, of the institution. It has educated and sent out nearly thirteen hundred young men, who have done honor to the institution and to the profession. He has called around him, as lecturers, from time to time, many of the first men of whom our country can boast; and wherever you go, in any part of the country, you will hear Dr. Childs inquired for, and spoken of with the kindest and deepest respect. He projected and created the medi-

cal college at a time when probably not another man would have thought of or would have attempted it. Against the indifference and prejudices of the Legislature, he forced his act of incorporation, and soon turned incredulity into admiration. To handle and manage a machine already made, is a very different thing from creating the machine.

He has attained a high rank as a medical lecturer at home, in the medical institution in Vermont, and also the larger one at Columbus, Ohio. At one time his students at home amounted to one hundred and fifty.

He has more than once represented his native town in the Legislature; the county in the Senate; and the State in the convention to revise its Constitution in 1820, and as its second magistrate in 1843.

He has twice been elected President of the Berkshire Bible Society, presiding with great acceptance. He has been a member of the First Church in this town forty-nine years, and its oldest officer nearly sixteen years. He has achieved and maintained a reputation among his fellow-men of a high order, with so little to detract or tarnish, that he goes down to the grave like an autumnal sun, full and clear, in the fulness of its glory, with not a cloud to obscure its brightness. As a son, a husband, a father, a friend, he has left a name and an example worthy of all admiration and imitation.

The most prominent trait in his character was *a deep, inward, irrepressible enthusiasm*. It was not that he *sometimes* or easily kindled, but he was always aglow. No matter what the thing in hand,

he went at it with a zest that left no place for failure. Let him meet a medical society, a political caucus or convention, a medical class in the lecture-room, a literary gathering, a town-meeting, or a church prayer-meeting, the result was the same. There was an enthusiasm about him that would kindle others. It was contagious. If he did not convince you, he moved you. It was a fire ever burning in his bones, never quenched by difficulties, never abated by any present want of success. It commanded success. It made him the heroic physician, the enthusiastic teacher, the warm friend, the glowing patriot, and the warm-hearted, generous Christian. It was a very different thing from vanity or self-seeking. It was no question with him whether he made or lost money or reputation. There was the thing to be achieved, and he moved so quickly and rapidly, that he often accomplished his object before other people had decided whether or not it was feasible, or even prudent to attempt it.

When any thing for the public good was proposed, whether to build a church, introduce gas or water, build a school-house, or any thing else, we always knew that Dr. Childs would be foremost with his purse and his influence. Few men can be named as his superior in public spirit. Generous almost to a fault, there was no charity to which he did not contribute, and often most bountifully. At home his hospitality was charming, cheerful, cordial, and unsparing. No one ever forgot what a good place it was to come to the second time, after having shared it once. Had he been as saving and careful as he

was generous and charitable, he would have been one of the very richest men in the county. Money was a mere servant with him, and the servant never came near being master. It was wonderful to see how a man over eighty could be ever at his post, — even at every religious meeting, rain or shine. It was wonderful to see how elastic was his body, how young and sympathetic his spirit, how warmly he sympathized with the young, how fully he kept up with the times, and never let the world in its movements outstrip him.

It is not out of place, too, to mention his uniform gentleness and politeness. He was a Christian gentleman of the old school; and I have heard it remarked, that when lieutenant-governor, in his official capacity, he extended to strangers the courtesies of his official character with a politeness that was marked and admired.

In losing the wife of his youth, and a lovely family, among whom was a son who was an honor to his name, his town, and his profession; in passing through multiplied sorrows, and wading deep in the waters of affliction, — his confidence in God, his faith in Christ, not only sustained him, but enabled him to manifest a cheerfulness and a chastened submission seldom seen. The bow of hope always spanned the dark waters as they surged and foamed and dashed down the most beautiful pillars of earth before him. The basis of Dr. Childs' character, I must say, after long observation, was religion.

It is sometimes thought almost necessary for a physician to be sceptical, and to feel that the very

little he can do with matter must shut out a spiritual world, and leave us to flounder and wilder in materialism. I cannot understand the cause of this. Certainly it is stopping in a very low and dark region, to stop at what is material, leaving the noblest part of our nature and of the universe out of calculation. I wish it to be distinctly understood that such a scepticism, however elevating to pride or vanity, never raises a physician in the estimation of the community. On the contrary, we well know that no man is sceptical in religion, who has not some shallow spot in his mental organization. There is a screw loose somewhere. For nearly fifty years, Dr. Childs has been a consistent believer in the inspiration of the Bible, the divinity of Christ, and the atonement. I question whether he ever had a doubt on the subject. And you can all decide the question, whether it is not the character which is underlaid by the religion of Christ, which causes us to honor him so truly and so sincerely to-day. This hopefulness in religion not only upheld him personally, but it underlay his hope for his country. Many times I have heard him say, he relied on the Gospel for all reformatations, and for all his hopes for his country; that his democratic principles would not save his country, except as they were based on the Gospel. This great hopefulness made the world bright, and the future of the world bright. Indeed, he seemed to stand on the mountaintops, on the very edge of the millennium, and had visions of the future of the world as bright as diamonds, — the swallowing up of the kingdoms of this world in the fulness of millennial glory.

His medical brethren present have lost their aged chieftain, the very Nestor of their profession ; a hard worker in the vineyard before most of them were born ; one who has been an ornament and a power, as an example of hard work, as the originator and the very soul of the medical college, as long at the head of the medical society of the county, as the warm-hearted co-laborer, genial, ready, kind, and gentle.

The Church of God has lost an old member, an efficient officer, a liberal giver, a constant attendant at the meeting for prayer, and a warm heart in all that is good.

The pastor has lost a friend, long-trying, sincere, appreciative, and true.

His family have lost the large, loving heart, the ready counsellor, and praying head. The light which he shed on their home goes not out by his removal.

The community has lost a patriarch who has long been seen standing at the altar of patriotism and of religion.

If it were allowable to have envy, should we not almost envy the man who has lived so long, accomplished so much, made so deep a mark upon his generation, with so few blemishes to be lamented, so few weaknesses to be excused, with a disposition so cheerful and a nature so happy that he made all about him cheerful, and has gone home to the rewards of the redeemed ?

Doubtless I might mention frailties and weaknesses which you would all recognize ; but this is not my business, nor do I deem it within the line of my duty.

It is those who, not active, not efficient, and who have little character, whose weaknesses are not seen.

For months, and even years, I have seen that our friend was ripening for a better state, growing mild, mellow, gentle, and childlike, as he drew near the end of life.

Even Christians have a different experience in dying as well as in life, one from another. Some, the best of men, die with an intellect darkened by disease or medicine, or both. Some, too, have such an overpowering sense of sin, of their sinfulness, that they dare not step out in the full light of hope. But when the disposition is naturally cheerful, and the intellect unclouded, and the powers free from narcotics, we should expect to find the end of the Christian's life light. The pilgrim has finished his wanderings; the day of life, not fully light nor all dark, is now closing, and God hath promised that "it shall come to pass that at evening-time it shall be light." I can give you no better picture of his last sickness than in the words of one of the loved ones who watched over and ministered to him during his last sickness; promising, that, a few weeks before his death, I made a journey to Boston on purpose to see my aged and true friend once more. His joy on seeing me was a full reward for the journey. I found him much emaciated, nerves very sensitive, eye bright, mind clear, and his faith strong. We compared notes respecting the great things pertaining to salvation. He was resting firmly on Christ, the Rock of Ages. He was resigned entirely to the will of God. I said, "The family who occupy your house wish me to

say they will vacate it at any time you are able to come back to Pittsfield." — "Oh, thank them, thank them from me. I have had a great desire to go back there once more. Possibly I may be able. But all that is passing over, and it's of no consequence." Requesting me to pray with him, I knelt at his bedside, holding one of his hands in mine. The gentle pressure of his hand as we prayed for him, his children, and grandchildren; for the Church; for the cause of our dear Redeemer; for dying grace when we should die, — showed that he made every petition his own. We were alone, the minister and the old, dying patriarch, and we prayed just as we felt. His eyes were full of bright tears — tears of faith and hope — when we closed. Looking around the beautiful chamber, I said, "You have every thing here which kindness and love can bestow." — "Oh, yes: I'm full of mercies; and I can't thank God enough." — "And you have no fear of dying?" — "Oh, no! My fear is I shall not be patient to wait God's time." We both felt that we should never meet again on the shores of time. I felt that he was just dipping his feet in the waters of the river, and felt sure it would open, and let him pass over on dry ground. I kissed and parted with the old man, who had been my fast friend more than twenty-six years, the senior deacon of my church for nearly sixteen years; and I was more overcome than he.

I now turn to the narrative already mentioned.

Dr. Childs was confined to his room seven weeks, and most of this time, to his bed. During all this period, he was almost absolutely free from pain or disease. It was

only a gentle ebbing away of the powers of life, leaving the mind bright and clear to the last.

During the early part of his illness,—if it can be called such,—he had an earnest longing to return to his old home, and to die or to live there, as it might please God. This wish was often expressed by him, and it sometimes mingled even with the murmurs of his sleep. But, for about three weeks before his death, he seemed to have laid aside this, with every other anxiety and care of a temporal character. After that, and until the close, his only themes were love and gratitude to the dear ones who were constantly and devotedly administering to him, or the goodness of God, and the delightful prospect that was opening before him of the enjoyments of heaven.

To say that he was calm and resigned would very inadequately describe the remarkable and blessed spirit in which he passed these last mortal days. He was not only always resigned and cheerful, but there were periods—and these not a few—when his soul seemed to rise into a holy ecstasy in view of the “joy that was set before him.”

The following are a few of the expressions into which his love and faith broke forth during the last week of his life.

On the Sunday night, a week before his death, when he thought his end was very near, he repeatedly exclaimed,—

“Oh, how good and gracious and merciful!”

Calling the name of the beloved wife who had preceded him, he said,—

“O dear [mother]! I shall see you soon. I shall see all those loved ones. I thank God for it.

“I thank God for all his goodness to my dear family. We have enjoyed much together here, but nothing compared with the

enjoyment of His heavenly kingdom. Blessed be God, blessed be the Saviour of the world !

“What shall I render unto the Lord for all his goodness, — his mercies to me ?”

At another time he said, —

“What a wonderful thing is this twofold existence, — a temporal life and an ethereal life ! I can understand it now as I never could before. The object of this temporal life is not merely to live, but to have communion with God, and to prepare for his blessed and eternal kingdom.”

Again : —

“You cannot conceive, I cannot tell you, how delightfully the moments pass, thinking of the goodness of God. No pain, no suffering, *no death*. God be praised, and He will be praised.”

He repeatedly said, and almost to the last day, —

“All things work together for good,” — “perfect peace.” “What an extraordinary illness ! no pain ! — I thank God for it.”

The Monday night preceding his death, he spoke with great fervor of the goodness of God, and of the happy prospect before him ; and then turning to his family, all of whom were present (including a much-loved niece), he said, “I want to bid you all farewell.” To each one he then gave his blessing and farewell, — the dear grandchildren so loved, and loving him so much, kneeling one by one at the bedside of the patriarch.

He spoke to all in the most impressive and affectionate terms, not forgetting the kind and gentle nurse who had been devoted to him by night and by day ; and, while they were overwhelmed with grief, *he* was full of peace and joy “in anticipation,” as he said, “of meeting them in heaven with those dear ones who had gone before.”

He closed this most affecting scene by repeating three times the word “farewell ;” and then, as if he had done with earth, he said, “Now let me go to sleep.”

The day before his death he turned to his daughter,

and calling her by name, with a look and tone inexpressibly tender and loving, he gave her his last benediction : —

“ [Annie,] God bless you a thousand times.”

He died, as he would have wished, on Sunday morning, March 22, at fifteen minutes past eleven o’clock. A few minutes before, he was asked if he would like some nourishment which was offered to him. He replied that “ he was perfectly well either with it or without it.” He then asked to be turned in his bed, and, in a moment after, without a sigh or murmur he fell asleep.

So lived and so died our friend, “ an old man, and full of years.” Now take out the Christian’s character and hope ; take out the atonement, which recovers the sinner, and connects him with God ; take out eternity, to which this life is the mere vestibule, — and what is all the rest ? The man lives fourscore years, and we call it a long life ; but, if that be the end, what is this ? He was active and energetic, and accomplished a great deal ; but, if that is the end, what is it ? But if the man be immortal ; if he has achieved the great ends of life by being brought to God in sympathy and communion ; if all the experience of life here is so woven into character as to fit him for higher, nobler duties in the new state on which he has entered, thus connecting him with God in his great plans, and making him a part of eternity in its unfoldings, — it is something more than a piece of worn-out humanity that we consign to the grave ; it is something that was the temple of the Holy Ghost, — something to be raised hereafter in power and glory, — something that will shine above the brightness of the sun for ever and ever.

Men talk of nature ; but nature separates us widely from God. We go up the mountain, where the eye sees far, and the air is thin, and the clouds are near ; but we do not meet God there. We sail on the vast ocean, days, weeks, — no land, no termination, — and the eye wearies with vastness ; but we do not meet God. We go to the sister-planets, and gather them around the sun, a family of sisters, and this world among the smallest, and God is not there. We follow nature up to the great sun, and then to the nearest fixed star, and then to the next, each star, a sun, with its family of worlds around it, — and then we shoot off into the *nebulæ* of the heavens, till we have visited eighty millions of such planetary systems, — but we have not overtaken God. We go forward, and He is not there ; and backward, where He doth hide Himself, but we cannot perceive Him ; and on the right hand, where He doth work, and we cannot find Him ; but, when we come back to the God of revelation, we find Him here, in the Church, at the communion-table, at the family altar, in the chamber of the dying Christian, and in the heart of the humble one. His throne is in the high heavens ; but His mansion is also on earth, in the heart of the contrite. Cold, cold, unsatisfying, are all the consolations we can draw from other sources, when we turn away from the atonement of Jesus Christ. No man is great enough, wise enough, good enough, to step off the shores of time, into the untried eternity, alone. He wants help greater than human : he wants to feel a hand leading him that is almighty, and be embraced by a love that is infinite.

We do not hope for infinite mercies and life eternal

for our departing friends because they are so good, or have attained so much ; but because they have committed their souls to a Redeemer who is almighty to save. We have no hope of our own salvation because we are good, but because we have an Advocate with the Father, a great and merciful High Priest, who hath been tempted with us, and who died for us ; and we wish for no other hope, no other refuge ; and we desire, when our end shall come, we may, with the dying martyr, commit our souls to Him, and breathe the prayer, “ Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.”

IN MEMORIAM.

Died Sept. 8, 1864, Mrs. SARAH CHILDS, wife of Hon. H. H. CHILDS, M.D.,
Pittsfield, Mass.*

TIME, while it assuages our grief, yet strengthens the sense of all that was lost in the death of this beloved wife and mother. To those who knew her, it will seem no exaggeration to say, that no lovelier character, no purer or more beneficent life, ever blessed a human home. She seemed to live but for one purpose,—to do her Master's will by ministering unto others.

Forgetful only of herself, it was her constant study and her greatest pleasure to promote the comfort and well-being of all who came within the reach of her unobtrusive but exhaustless charity.

To a most amiable and generous disposition she united a refined and spotless delicacy of soul which rivalled the lily in purity.

Great personal beauty rendered these qualities, if possible, still more attractive; and, although time left some traces of its threescore years and ten, it spared, to the last, the soft and beaming eye, the loving smile, the ever-graceful and winning demeanor. She was most *womanly* in every thought, word, and action. She believed that woman's true sphere of usefulness and honor is *home*; and she rendered her own the abode of cheerful hospitality and of almost perfect domestic happiness, by all the ministrations of a ready taste, a skilful hand, and a lavish and loving heart.

* This notice of Mrs. Childs was written at the time it bears date, and is now published in compliance with the wishes of Dr. Childs.

Whatever was most bright and beautiful had an unusual charm for her. She rejoiced in the genial and varied glow of opening summer,—in flowers, in the innocence and gayety of little children.

Inexpressibly tender and yearning was her love for those younger olive plants—her children's children—who brightened and filled again with sweet blossoms the garden of her home.

Her judgment, which seemed to be intuitive to her calm and guileless nature, was remarkably just and true. Abhorring and lamenting what she deemed an indelicate and unfeminine officiousness in public affairs, she was yet very far from being indifferent to the course of public events, and took an eager and intelligent interest in all that related to the honor and welfare of her country.

There is, however, no trait in her character upon which it is so consoling or instructive to dwell, as her humble, self-distrusting, unostentatious piety. Unostentatious, indeed; and yet it proclaimed itself in all her life and conversation, and shed an attractive radiance about her daily path. It enlarged her heart in prosperity; it taught her trustful submission under some grievous sorrows and bereavements; and, at the last, it robbed death, even to her gentle and shrinking spirit, of all its terrors, and enabled her to commit her soul with unfaltering trust to that blessed Saviour who was the strength of her heart, and has become her portion for ever.

DECEMBER, 1864.

